Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pocky corſes, that will ſcarce hold the laying in, a will laſt you ſome eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will laſt you nine yeare,

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body, heer's a ſcull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeares.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clow. A whorſon mad fellowes it was, whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, a pourd a flagon of Reniſh on my head once; this ſame skull ſir, was ſir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite ieſt, of moſt excelent fancy, hee hath bore me on his backe a thouſand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lyppes that I haue kiſt I know not how oft: where be your gibes now? your gambols, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this faſhon i'th earth?

Hora. Een ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo: pah.

Hora. Een ſo my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes we may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, till a find it ſtopping a bunghole?

Hora. Twere to conſider too curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modeſty enough, and likelihood to leade it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt, the duſt is earth, of earth wee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they

They not ſtoppe a Beare-barrell?
Imperious *Cæſar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might ſtoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
But ſoft, but ſoft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queene, the courtiers, who is this they follow?
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corſe they follow, did with deſprat hand
Foredoo it owne life, twas of ſome eſtate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Enter King Quee. Laertes and the corſe.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, make.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Doct. Her obſequies haue beene as farre iniarg'd
As we haue warranty, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-ſwayes the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified beene lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles ſhould be throwne on her:
Yet heere ſhe is allow'd her virgin Grants,
Her mayden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.
We ſhould prophane the ſeruice of the dead,
To ſing a Requiem and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſoules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh
May Violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh Prieſt,
A miniſtring Angell ſhall my ſiſter be
When thou lyeſt howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia.*

Quee. Sweets to the ſweet, farewell,
I hop't thou ſhould'ſt haue beene my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt ſweet maide,
And not haue ſtrew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe

Fall